

TAILOR MADE CLOTHING. SPECIAL LINES FOR SPRING. GARDINER & BAXTER.

CITY NEWS IN BRIEF.

A meeting of the Emerson Home association will be held this evening at 8 o'clock at No. 17 Sheldon street to elect officers for the coming year. It is hoped that all who are interested in the institution will be present, if possible.

The Edison Electric Light company displayed a 20,000 candle power search light from the roof of Sweet's hotel last night and ignited up Monroe, Canal and Pearl streets at successive intervals. The light was bright as sunshine.

There will be a meeting of the Grand Rapids Cricket club July 7th, at the office of Peter Doran, No. 24 Tower block, to make arrangements for the present season, and to consider such other business as may come before the club.

Warren, the little son of ex-Superintendent (James), fell from a scaffold in a scuffle in the morning, receiving painful and serious bruises. It is thought his injuries will not result seriously.

One of the features of yesterday's celebration at the race track was an old farmer who had taken his pair of lemons with him.

Grand Rapids Union will hold an ice cream social at its hall, No. 617 South Division street, Wednesday evening.

Large delegations of Kent county farmers drove into the city yesterday to inspect the new court house.

Harmony Lodge A. O. U. W. gave a hop at North park last night. Over 300 couples attended.

There is some talk among local sporting men of having a rabbit coursing race.

The U. B. A. has two boy babies for whom it would like to find homes.

The Morton house has permanently adopted the meal ticket system.

DIED.

STRATTON—In this city, July 4, 1922, Edith A. wife of James A. Stratton and eldest daughter of Mrs. J. A. Stratton, aged 8 years. Funeral from the family residence, No. 23 Gold street, tomorrow at 2 p. m.

STEL—Saturday evening, July 2, Mrs. G. L. Stel, aged 9 years. Funeral at 2 p. m. today from the residence, No. 41 Spring street.

FOX—Yesterday, of diphtheria, at No. 157 Lawrence street, little S. son of Peter and Helen Fox, aged 2 years and 3 months.

Funeral private from the residence at 2 p. m. today.

TUBBS—Sunday at 6 p. m., Malton Tubbs.

E. G. Cherrymus, funeral director, No. 2 Fountain street.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup company, printed near the bottom of the package.

TWO GOOD STORIES.

How Stanley Huntley Got the Fire That He Wanted.

"I shall never forget," said Lawyer McGaffey, "a trip I once took to Jefferson City, Mo., with the clever but erratic Stanley Huntley, author of the famous Spookendyke papers. I was then practicing law in St. Louis, where Huntley was employed on one of the morning dailies. A mysterious poisoning case had been opened at Jefferson City, in which I was retained, and Huntley had been assigned to work up the story for his paper. When we reached the double room to which we had been assigned we found a big store there, but not the sign of a fire. It was a bitter cold night, but we decided to go straight to bed and have the fire built the first thing in the morning.

"Huntley was the first to open his eyes, and he awoke me by exclaiming that the water was frozen solid in the pitcher on the washstand. He looked around for an electric bell, but that was a luxury the hotel didn't sport. A log of wood had been left over from the last fire, and seizing this Huntley began pounding on the carpet. But we were on the third floor, and beyond knocking off the plaster in the hall below no results followed this attack.

"I'll fix 'em, blank 'em!" hissed Huntley, and he stripped the counterpane off the bed, wrapped it around his bony figure and rushed out into the hallway, where he began yelling 'Fire! fire!' at the top of his lungs.

"In a few seconds there was a fearful commotion in that hotel. Men, women and children streamed into the corridors, all in various stages of undress, frightened out of their wits, and most of them half frozen to boot.

"Oh, where is it?" shriekingly demanded a poor woman whose bare feet protruded from beneath a red petticoat. "That's what I'd like to know, ma'am," answered Huntley fiercely. "I ordered one built in my room this morning, but not a glow of a flame have I seen yet. I'll have that clerk up here, though, before I get through, or know the reason why," and again the hall resounded with his cries of 'Fire! fire!'

"The terrified guests, perceiving they had been deluded by a madman, sneaked back into their rooms. But the clerk had been aroused and we got our fire, although we had to seek lodgings at another hotel right after breakfast."—Chicago Herald.

Mark Twain and the Obliging Editor.

"I never met Mark Twain but once,

and I have no desire to renew his acquaintance," said Frank Pettigrew. "It was ten years ago, when I was very young and correspondingly fresh. I had secured a position as reporter on the Boston Traveller, and felt that I held the destinies of nations in my hands. I was taking hotel arrivals one day, when a stranger loomed up to the register and asked with a drawl, 'Editor of a paper here?'

"I nodded patronizingly, and he observed that it was a great responsibility. He said that he had tried hard to become a great editor, and once secured a position on a western weekly, but had been ingloriously discharged. He seemed quite heartbroken, and I proceeded to tell him that journalists were born, not made, and to make an egregious ass of myself generally. He lounged away, the clerk told me his name, and I made a sneaking out the back way."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Desperate Young Man.

"Tell me, my daughter," said Mr. Munson, with a conspiracy in his manner, as he led his only child to a seat in the parlor, "wasn't young Mr. Gaskett here last night?"

"Yes, papa. Why do you ask?" "Did you and he have a quarrel?" "No, papa; not a quarrel exactly. But tell me! Has anything happened to him?"

"Did he or did he not propose marriage to you?" "Yes, he did, papa," replied the girl, now thoroughly alarmed. "Do tell me if anything has happened to him. Has he committed suicide?"

"What was your reply, daughter?" "Did you accept him?"

"No, papa. Has his body been discovered?"

"Did you give him any encouragement whatever?"

"No, sir. Did he shoot himself, or?"

"You rejected him finally and irrevocably, did you?"

"Yes, papa, and he said he'd go and do something desperate, but I didn't think he'd make away with himself. Oh, papa, isn't it awful?"

"Yes, it is awful. I suspected that you had rejected him when I heard what he had done today."

"Oh, papa, do you think I shall be arrested for it?"

"Oh, dear, no. You didn't have to marry him just because he asked you."

"But tell me what he has done, papa."

"He's gone to work."—Detroit Free Press.

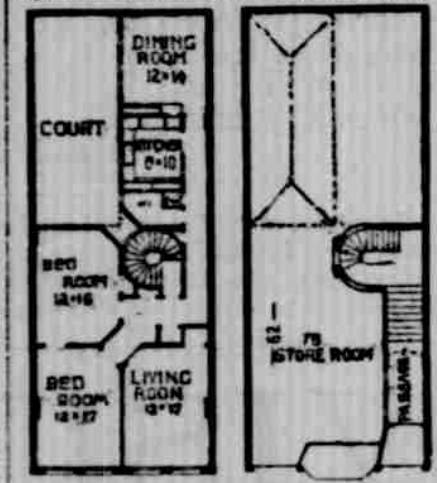
FOREIGN ARCHITECTURAL IDEAS.

Plans for the Arrangement of Apartments in a Store Building.

(Copyright, 1922, by American Press Association.)

In the countries where the sun shines bright and long, and where the temperature is high, they find it convenient and comfortable to live in what we call flats or apartments. The rooms around the courts are thought to be the most desirable in that they are shady and cooler than those which front on the street. In Italy and Spain there are not a few structures where little effort is made to give an attractive appearance to the street front, but with elaborately decorated interiors. The street is surrounded with arcades and colonnades on which open the more desirable apartments.

In France most of the shops and rooms fronting on the streets are shallow and the larger number of living rooms are arranged around the courts in the way above mentioned. This fact may have a bearing upon our southern as well as northern architecture. In the cities where ground is high, and where the upper stories of the buildings must be made to pay a fair return upon the brick and mortar which is in



UPPER FLOOR. GROUND FLOOR.

them, it is profitable to be able to arrange such quarters so that they will be regularly occupied as dwellings, if not as offices. In all large cities there are many quarters where the rooms above the stores cannot be rented profitably for offices, particularly in buildings on side streets or slightly removed from the business centers.

The French flats or those of Italy offer a solution to this problem. However, it is to be borne in mind that the arrangement of an apartment building cannot be transferred from one of these countries to another, principally on account of the difference in the arrangement of the store buildings, which reduces a court on the ground floor impossible. An American store is always a large affair; that is, it covers a great deal of floor space. In the foreign countries the stores are mostly small—from 15 to 30 feet deep—and the space back of them is used as a court and for the living quarters of the concierge or caretaker. In the French apartment houses the first or ground floor is never used for a high grade of living apartments.

In the plan which I herewith submit we have 35 feet of ground with light from the front only. For the purpose of adding to the difficulty of the problem I have included the rear and as well as the side, though in practice the rear would generally be open and not unusually a part of one side. It will be seen that the entrance to the apartment is at one side of the store building. The passage is lighted by a window around and at its side and the show window of the store. The stairway from the landing is amply lighted from the court above and the skylight which covers a part of the rear of the store.

A part of the store stairway so lighted projects into the store room. However, in considering the effect of this projection and any deleterious effect which it may have with respect to the store, we must bear in mind that it adds to the revenue of

the store owner, certainly to a greater extent than it depreciates that of the room tenant. Another thing to bear in mind is that the arrangement of the apartments is of such a character as to provide a court which lets more light into the rear and middle of the store than is common with the ordinary plan of a store building. This in itself would more than compensate for the disadvantage of the projecting stairway.

Each apartment has four rooms, kitchen and water closet, besides seven closets and liberal fittings in the way of cupboards, sink, fly safs, etc., in the kitchen. After passing from the stair hall through the door one is in his own quarters, quite as independent and isolated as if he were alone on a large lot. The writer lived in a seventh story flat of this character for several months and did not know one of the other occupants. The kitchen range in such an apartment is built under a hood, so that all heat and odors are directly removed from the kitchen. The upper stories in a building of this kind should not be more than ten feet high. This makes less stair climbing. It is the last two or three steps in a flight of stairs that are the hardest.

It is to be noticed that the rear rooms in this apartment are lighted from the court.

Makeshifts.

A little makeshift rack, book shelf or what not which will recommend itself to many a woman whose domestic life makes it impossible for her to possess many belongings, yet who wishes to make her room look homelike and comfortable, is made as follows: Buy a small clotheshorse, which will cost sixty cents, threefold and about three feet high. These clothes frames come well finished and in all sizes simply for decorative purposes.

Four shelves which may be made of boxes, if one is handy with the saw and plane, or which will cost about one dollar if got of the carpenter, are needed. These must be smooth, with beveled edges. The top shelf is only half the width of the lower ones. The shelves are hung on the rods of the clothes frames by means of two brass screws in each end; these hooks are screwed into the shelves at such distances from the edge as will make them fit easily and will hold the frame firmly. The exact distance can be ascertained by measuring; if the screws are too long they must be cut off from the underside. Brass knobs, such as are used for curtain poles, etc., are set into the tops of the posts.

When the rack is finished it may be stained and varnished or rubbed down and painted white, blue or pink and lined with gold. The shelves are easily unhooked, and the frame folded so as to go into a trunk. Brass rods for curtains may be added if desired.

To make a handsome bedspread from a linen sheet have large diamonds stamped all over it, and work them in outline with dark blue Scotch linen floss. Finish off the edge with a crocheted edging. Another way is to fringe out the sheet all around, making a knotted fringe. Above the fringe make two or three rows of drawn work.—Decorative and Furnisher.

SAVING FATHER.

How Wedding Expenses Were Reduced to a Low Figure.

"Papa, I will wed George."

"Never."

The young girl's eyes flashed and the hot, passionate blood of her forefathers, to say nothing of her own, mantled her cheek with an angry flush. The old man was excited too. Parent and child confronted each other and neither could do.

"Do you refuse me that which alone will make me happy?" She stamped her new russet shoe upon the floor and never winced, although the fourth corn on her second toe hurt like a star. It simply made her madder, and it looked as if the stern father might be compelled, in order to save himself from personal violence, to come off the perch.

"Your happiness is very dear to me, my daughter."

The old man was fainting, as they say at the ring side.

"What wouldst have me do, sir?"

The father shrugged one shoulder, being compelled to be careful of the other on account of rheumatism.

"Willst abide by my command, daughter?"

With an effort that convulsed her frame she repressed her emotion.

"I will. Say on, papa."

With infinite grace he led her to a seat. He considered it a great indorsement to have things come his way thus.

"My child, you said wed."

"She nodded."

"I say elope."

She started.

"Then I may marry George?"

"Most assuredly. But no wedding, if you please."

He looked at his watch.

"Bless you, my daughter. I am willing to pay for a very stylish elopement, but a wedding—no, indeed. Tell George not to stir himself on carriage hire and hotel bills. I will cheerfully meet the expense. You may elope sumptuously and I'll furnish the cash, but I can't possibly afford a wedding."

Like the sensible girl that she was, she consented to the sacrifice after a long good cry.—Detroit Tribune.

Who'd Be a Bachelor?



Pater Familias (just arrived at watering place hotel)—This room is the very best I could get, my dear. Times are very hard, you know.

Mater Familias—But where are we all to sleep? Have you forgotten that we have three children?

P. F. (earnestly)—No, but I thought that the children could sleep with you and I could occupy one of the trunks. I don't expect to have much of a time, anyway.—Brooklyn Life.

A Midnight Phantom.

The violet sky of the night swung low its starlit arch over the sleeping earth. The lambent moon dashed with gold the white road leading away under the great trees.

There were stripes of light and shadow lying along with the vista of the overhanging branches, and in and out among these walked a couple.

A man and a woman.

He was tall and straight. She was by his side, at fair proportions. She was by

They spoke no words as they walked, and the sweet summer air moved no faster than they and was still.

There was a twitter among the leaves of a bird in its nest, and a low hum, as if the voices of the night were whispering to the stars and the leaves.

A cloud came up from the western sky and laid its mantle over the face of the moon and the stripes of light across the couple's path shadowed away into darkness.

Then it was the woman spoke.

"George," she said, almost harshly it seemed, where erstwhile all had been so sweet and still.

"Yes, Martha," he replied in deep abstraction.

The woman spoke again.

"We've got to get a new hired girl," she said earnestly.

"I know it, Martha," answered the man, "and for the last half hour I've been wondering where the diabolical fellow found one that was worth a continental."

They were married.

And the moon dodged behind a wad of watery cloud and kicked itself severely.—Detroit Free Press.

New in Season.

"What's the matter, Johnny?" called his mother.

"Cramps!" shrieked Johnny, doubled up with pain.

"Oh, yes," severely: "you've been in swimming, have you?"

"No, ma'am, it's the other kind—green apples."—Chicago News Record.

A Husband's Justification.

Pryor—Do you run your household?

Frank—No, my wife runs that.

Pryor—Ah, I see; you run the office.

Frank—No, the janitor runs that.

Pryor—What in thunder do you run?

Frank—Well, I run back and forth.—Truth.

Incidental to the Season.

There were several men on the train coming eastward from the Salt Lake region who told wonderful stories of the heat of the alkali plains.

I noticed a contemptuous expression on the face of an old settler who was listening as if he didn't wholly believe all he had heard, and finally he took a turn in the conversation. Said he:

"Gentlemen, your talk is all child's play. Heat! I give you my word of honor that when my wife wants to boil eggs she just puts them into a pan of cold water on the roof, and in three minutes by the clock them eggs are boiled."

There was silence for a moment, then a thin voice piped up:

"Where does she get the cold water?"

Before this stunner could be disposed of another man took a hand in the confab.

"Me and my wife don't keer for billed eggs—we prefer 'em baked. I when my wife sets the table for breakfast she spreads out a row of eggs on the window sill and in two jiffys they're baked ready to eat. The only trouble is they're likely to be overdone."

There was a spell of thinking; then a long, lean man with a caved in chest said, in a whistling kind of voice:

"That's why I'm leaving the country."

"On account of the heat?" I suggested.

"Yes. Bein' naturally tender hearted."

I don't like to live where baked chickens walks around with the feathers on. That's all I have agin the climate. I never heard of but one place that was better.

That wound up the discussion and the last speaker remained champion of the crowd.—Detroit Free Press.

Simple but Effective.

Elia—Do you believe in signs, Algy, dear?

Algy—To tell the truth, darling, I always was a little superstitious.

Elia—Well, there is a sign over there that says "Ice Cream."—Harvard Lampoon.

No Orator.

"Did you ever make a speech?"

"Yes."

"Was it well received?"

"No."

"What did you say?"

"Not guilty."—Truth.

A Masterpiece.

Saving Eyes by Electric Light.

The public is beginning to realize that the use of the electric light does more for the preservation of the eyesight than any other artificial illuminant. One of the most reasonable evidences of this is the adoption of electric light in a large number of hospitals devoted to the treatment of eye diseases. The Royal South London Ophthalmic hospital, which is undergoing extensive structural enlargement and improvements, is being fitted up throughout with electric light.

It is also stated that quite an impetus has been given to the introduction of electric lighting into Londonderry, Killenny, Galway and other towns in Ireland by the declaration of one of the hospital staff in Dublin that the electric light is the best light for eyes that are weak or affected with disease, and occasions them less discomfort and injury than that produced from gas, oil or candles.—New York Telegram.

July's Infantile Death Rate.

Last year the death rate in July, from cholera infantum, was frightful, and this July bids fair to equal it. The best physicians agree in saying that if a baby lives on lactated food it is not liable to this disease, and will be well and strong all through this dangerous season.

If you want to catch the correct time of your horse, get your split second and quarter second watches repaired by expert workmen at the oldest established house in the city. R. D. Carsten's, No. 44 Canal street.

White & White sell the best perfumes.

BUFFALO CLOTHING CO.

Great Sale of Spring and Summer Suits Regardless of Cost.

Notwithstanding the backward rainy season the business done by this enterprising house is phenomenal. Having closed out a very large stock of spring suitings we were compelled to again hunt to the markets of the east for a new supply, and as everyone knows, a sharp, shrewd buyer who runs the eastern markets now at this time of a very backward year, can buy large stocks of goods at their own price. Such was the experience of Mr. Bunn, called on his last trip, having bought

a very large stock at spot cash and prices that were below the cost to our customers. Now we propose to constitute our large sales by placing the goods on the market at prices so ridiculously low that any one can wear a stylish nobby suit, no matter how small his purse.

These goods are all late novelties and patterns that were never shown before in this market, comprising all the latest shades in light and dark browns, steel gray, light and dark blue, drab, gray, etc., and in dress suits we are at our best. Our stock of Prince Alberts in Clay worsteds and diagonal goods is complete, as well as our socks and frocks. A careful inspection of this stock is solicited.

150 suits in this sale that are cheap at \$5 we put them down to \$3.50. 150 suits in this sale that are cheap at \$10 we put them down to \$7.50. 175 suits in sacks and frocks cheap at \$15, we put them down to \$9.98. 100 suits in sacks and frocks cheap at \$15, we put them down to \$11.50. 100 suits in sacks and frocks cheap at \$15, we put them down to \$13. 100 suits in sacks and frocks cheap at \$20, we put them down to \$15.

To good careful clothing buyers we ask you to look this stock over before buying and note the quality of goods at the prices named, as it will be a saving to you of at least 33 per cent. for the same goods at other houses.

BUFFALO CLOTHING CO., 85 Canal Street.

Look At our outing hats. We have just received an entire new line of these goods. CORN, KNOTT & CO.

The Buffalo Clothing Company, the reliable clothiers and furnisiers, are again to the front with a large line of outing shirts. You can take your choice of a 50 and 75c shirt in their clearance sale for 39c. Don't forget the place, No. 85 Canal street.

A GREAT SLAUGHTER

In the Price of Groceries for a Few Days Only and for Cash.

Best Family Flour, per 100 lbs., 25c. 22 lbs. granulated sugar for \$1.

9 bars German Family soap, for 25c. Van Houten's cocoa, 1 lb. can for 70c.

Van Houten's cocoa, 1 lb. can for 35c. Van Houten's cocoa, 1 lb. can for 20c.

L. Schepp's cocoanut, per lb., 12c. Salad dressing, large bottle, 30c. Salad dressing, small bottle, 15c.

Worcestershire sauce, large bottle, 15c. Worcestershire sauce, small bottle, 10c.

Flaccus Bros.' catsup, large bottle, 10c. Flaccus Bros.' catsup, small bottle, 5c.

1 lb. can salmon for 10c. 1 lb. package salaratus for 5c. 1 lb. can baking powder for 7c.

Paper pails, 20c. Pure cider vinegar, per gallon, 12c. Pure spices, per lb., 15c.

Small mixed pickles, per quart, 10c. Large pickles, per dozen, 5c.